drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very vi[illegible] be hang'd, haſt no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-Hill.

Gads-hill. Good morrow *Carriers*; What's a clock?

Car. I think it be two a clock.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy lantern, to ſee my gelding in the ſtable.

1. *Car.* Nay by God, ſoft; I know a trick worth two of that I faith.

Gad, I prethee lend me thine.

2. *Car.* I, when? canſt tell? Lend me thy lantern (quoth he.) Marry Ile ſee thee hanged firſt.

Gad. Sirra *Carrier*, What time do you mean to come to *London?*

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee; Come neighbour *Muges*, weele call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge.

Enter Chamberlain. *Exeunt.*

Gad. What ho, *Chamberlain?*

Cham. At hand, quoth pick-purſe.

Gad. That's even as fair, as at hand, qd. the *Chamberlain*, for thou varieſt no more from picking of purſes, then giving direction doth from labouring; thou layeſt the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow maſter *Gads-hill*, it holds currant that I told you yeſternight, there's a *Franklin* in the wilde of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper, a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what, they are up already, and call for egges and butter: they will away preſently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with S. *Nicholas Clarks*, I'le give thee this neck.

Cham. No, Ile none of it; I prethee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worſhippeſt S. *Nicholas*, as truly as a man of falſhood may.

Gad. What talkeſt thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of gallows: for if I hang, old ſir *Iohn* hangs with me, and thou knowſt he is no ſtarveling: tut, there are other